

THE NOE VALLEY VOICE

Station Closes for a Day

What If You Had a Fire

and Nobody Came?

By Corey Michaels

Fire Engine Company No. 24 sits on the east slope of Twin Peaks, with its Hoffman Street perch offering an eagle-eye view of Noe Valley and its expensive, multi-colored Victorian homes.

It has been a friend of long standing, a comforting protector in a neighborhood where most of the turn-of-the century homes are constructed of wood, and any fire, given a head start of a few minutes, will burn like pine kindling.

Engine 24 is a busy station. The firehouse garage doors swing open at least twice a day to send the company rushing out on fire calls, almost all of them legitimate since youngsters in Noe Valley rarely are prone to the pernicious thrill of false alarms.

Thus neighbors were more than a bit surprised on July 5 when an arsonist torched a build-

ing less than two blocks from the station and the garage doors didn't open. Instead, the familiar wailing siren of a responding engine was coming from outside the neighborhood.

Engine 24 didn't respond because the station had been shut down for the day by Fire Chief Andrew Casper. The station house, to everyone's chagrin, had unwittingly been caught in the middle of citywide budgetary politics.

The arson blaze down the street was slow burning, and an engine company from another district was able to douse it with-out serious damage. But the affair awoke neighbors to the possibility that the station may not be a permanent resident.

Indeed, the closing does not augur well for the future of the station nor for the safety of Noe Valley residents and the protection of their homes.

Asked if Noe Valley had "adequate protection" on July 5 when the Hoffman station was closed, Casper phrased his answer to say, "The area was protected," deliberately leaving out the adverb "adequately."

Some neighbors telephoned complaints about the closing directly to the station, located at 100 Hoffman St. at the corner of Alvarado Street. Kay Pachtner, a District 5 supervisorial candidate, immediately began circulating flyers outlining the particulars of the closing, and several neighborhood activists began cir-

(Continued on Page 2)



Photo by Peter Bennett

The trucks of Fire Engine Company No. 24 were idle July 5 when the Hoffman Street station was closed.

Dope Charges 'Hokey,' Peron Visits Pokey

"This is my 13th bust," said Dennis Peron, who was nabbed last month by San Francisco narcotics agents, "but this is the first time I'm really innocent."

Peron, a District 5 candidate for supervisor, was arrested after police raided a drug supermarket in the Western Addition. A total of 16 persons were arrested there, and police said they found evidence that led them to Peron's home.

Peron, however, denied he was associated with the Fell Street operation. His only tie-in was that some of the people arrested were wearing his political buttons, he said.

The bust was "hokey and bogus" and was an attempt to revoke his probation and keep him from seeking elective office.

Peron operated his own drug supermarket on Castro Street in Eureka Valley until he was raided in the summer of 1977. He served nearly six months in jail.

"If they revoke my probation, then I've got to serve out the rest of my sentence. That's two and a half years I have left," he said.

"The cops are afraid of me winning. They know they don't have a friend with Dennis Peron. This is politically inspired by the narcs because, in their own heads, they are fighting for their life. If I get elected, they're

afraid I'm going to abolish their jobs," he said. "And they're right."

During the last election, Peron successfully sponsored Prop. W, the initiative demanding that police officers stop making marijuana arrests. The initiative, however, was only a statement of policy and did not carry the force of law.

Peron last year also ran an unsuccessful campaign for a seat on the Charter Commission while he was residing in the San Bruno County jail.

Rajneesh Center

Meditation of Another Color

By Renee Koury

Last year, Ann Brennecke started wearing orange clothes faithfully every day. Now, she says, she can't wear any other color. Blue jeans make her feel "drab."

Bill Knowles, 24, also delights in wearing orange every day. To him, orange represents "sunrise and energy."

Robert Foster says he used to think wearing orange was silly. But now, he finds "it's a gas."

Many Noe Valley residents have noticed the brightly dressed



Joyful participants in the "free enterprise system" gratefully purchase petrol from a friendly service station employee in the San Francisco Mime Troupe's newest musical comedy, "Squash," now playing free in Bay Area parks. Next performances in Mission Dolores Park are Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 25 and 26, at 2 p.m.

"orange people" around the neighborhood, but don't know who they are or why they wear orange.

They are members of the Paras Rajneesh Meditation Center, which has operated for two years out of a two-story building at 24th and Douglass Streets.

Its members may wear whatever style they like as long as the clothes are "rust, orange or peach." But why?

"Because," explained Knowles, "it is what the master wants."

The "master" is the man who has changed the course of many lives in America, Europe and

the Middle East by introducing his unique "Rajneesh" philosophy.

He is Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, a native of India now living at his center in Poona, India.

There he recruits and teaches his disciples, who then spread the word by distributing tapes of his teachings and books of philosophy.

Members say there are about 500 Rajneesh followers in the Bay Area.

Disciples must wear orange, they say, to implement an important tenet of the philosophy:

(Continued on Page 4)

Firehouse . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

culating petitions demanding that the station remain open.

Engine Company No. 24 is one of the best units in the department. It came into existence in 1915 in the aftermath of the 1906 earthquake and fire. The widespread fires that followed the quake caused most of the damage in the City, convincing city fathers to establish a fire department that even today remains one of the world's finest.

The men of Engine 24 have been cited for bravery and have saved their fair share of fire victims. The station also has a resuscitator unit, the only such unit in the area. Their area of coverage is roughly 28th, 17th and Church Streets and Laguna Honda Boulevard. But Engine 24 prides itself on responding to two-alarm fires outside its area. "If there is a two-alarm fire in the Haight or the Mission, we'll be there," said Lt. Lou Comaduran.

There is no question, however, that Noe Valley needs its own fire station. "Just look around you," Comaduran said. "There are lots of frame houses. Then you get the elderly people. You're going to have resuscitations. We always get there before the ambulance."

Here are the events leading up to Casper's decision to close the Hoffman station, as well as others in the City over the past few months.

Letters 15c

EDITOR:

As a candidate for supervisor in District 5, I would like to encourage every reader of your newspaper to attend the most important Charter meetings that are currently being held.

In the last election, the Board members were elected. They are serving without pay. The function of every phase of City government is affected by what they do. As voters it is our privilege to be able to attend such meetings.

Political difference is good for a democracy; it is political indifference that is harmful.

Marjorie D. Martin
182 Diamond St.

Photo by Peter Bennett



Inside the station house: These men of Engine Company number 4 watch a TV newscast. (From L-R) Lt. Larry Mitchell, John Farrell, Tom Gibson and Daryl Dair.

The fire department has an authorized strength of 1,632 firefighters. However, the supervisors and the mayor have provided funding for 1,532, leaving the department 100 personnel short.

And this is where the problem arises. Because of the shortage, there are not enough firefighters to "adequately" protect the city.

Casper effectively circumvented the shortage and brought the department to minimum staffing standards by offering overtime — which in effect provided 19 additional firefighters each day.

But when the fire department budget for the current fiscal year was slashed five percent from last year, Firefighters Local

798 got fed up. It demanded a full 100 percent budget along with enough money to hire the additional 100 firefighters.

That didn't happen. So the union and its members voted not to work any future, voluntary overtime.

"That left the department in the position where we were even lower than 19 firefighters short," said Casper. "Not having the firefighters working overtime on a day-to-day basis, various fire stations had to be closed."

"The men refused to work the extra watches even though it was a little more money," said Comaduran. "We withhold our services until which time they hire" the additional firefighters.

And that's why Engine 24 was shut down July 5. Since then, however, Casper has ordered mandatory overtime to keep the department at minimum strength, and even that move may not insure Hoffman's future.

Local 798 has filed suit to block Casper's order. There is no problem if Casper is upheld, but "if the union wins the suit, then I'll have to temporarily deactivate various units around San Francisco on a day-to-day basis," the chief said.

Pachtner, for one, has urged the supervisors to enact emergency legislation approving the 100 needed officers. "Whose budget is actually cut in all this?" she asked. "Surely not the residents of Noe Valley. If our fire and emergency protection is reduced, our fire insurance will be increased and that means our personal budgets will be hurt."

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MINI-NEWS

A National Week of Action in support of abortion rights will take place Oct. 22-29. Those interested in planning for this event should call Alice Wolfson at the Coalition for the Medical Rights of Women, 621-8030.

Project Safe — a self-help crime prevention program — will be one of the topics of discussion at a Crime Symposium to be held Aug. 8 at the Noe Valley Ministry, 1021 Sanchez St.

Police Capt. George Jeffery and Judge Richard Figone will be present to share their experiences and describe the how-to's of arrest and prosecution of criminals.

The symposium, sponsored by the Noe Valley Merchants Association, starts at 7:30 p.m.

The State Industrial Welfare Commission, which regulates working conditions and sets the minimum wage, will hold hearings in San Francisco this month to receive complaints and recommendations from the public. The hearings will take place Aug. 20 and 21 at 350 McAllister St., Room 1194, from noon to 1:30 p.m.

Citizens Against Condominium Conversion has called for a stronger condominium control ordinance than the one passed by the Board of Supervisors July 2.

That ordinance requires 40 percent of tenants to agree to purchase their units before the City will allow conversion.

Citizens spokesperson Michael Harney called for support of the housing initiative on the November ballot. That measure would require 80 percent of tenants to indicate their desire to purchase prior to City approval of the conversion.

Local YMCAs will take part in the St. Regis Math-Baseball World Series to be held Aug. 28 in San Francisco this summer (place to be announced).

Boys and girls, ages 7 to 9, are invited to sharpen their mathematical skills while rounding bases, by signing up for this unique educational sport.

The program also gives 5 to 11-year-olds the opportunity to camp out overnight, take swimming lessons, and visit an urban farm, as well as participate in creative recreation at the center.

To register, drop by the Mission YMCA, 4080 Mission St., open 9 to 5 weekdays, or call 586-6900.

Archie Briggs

(no relation to John Bunker)

A District 5 resident who is a candidate for the District attorney's post knows one thing for certain — his name is going to cause him trouble.

The candidate is Archie Briggs, as in Archie Bunker, the racist television character, and as in John Briggs, the conservative state senator who sponsored the anti-gay initiative.

"So far my own name has been my main drawback in this election," said Briggs, 46, a divorcee who lives in Eureka Valley with his two children, Kenya, 13, and Ivan, 11.

But there is at least one other area that is sure to cause raised eyebrows as he campaigns against incumbent DA Joseph Freitas, District 6 Supervisor Carol Ruth Silver, and Assistant Attorney General Arlo Smith. From September, 1978, until two months ago, Briggs worked as an attorney for the Synanon Foundation, the beleaguered drug and alcohol rehabilitation center.

In recent years, Synanon has been accused of bizarre activities, and its founder, Charles Dederich, has been charged with "conspiracy to murder" after attorney Paul Morantz won a lawsuit against the foundation for his client. Morantz last October was bitten by a rattlesnake

placed in his mailbox. Synanon has denied any connection with the assault on Morantz.

Briggs said he performed a variety of legal chores for Synanon, including working on "the rattlesnake case," which is still in the courts.

Briggs said he quit Synanon to run for the office so people wouldn't wonder if the organization "wasn't trying to snatch office here."

Briggs is a former deputy district attorney for Alameda County. He quit in 1974 to defend his brother Ivory, accused of shooting a San Francisco policeman in the chest. The brother was convicted and now is serving time in San Quentin. Briggs also has had as client Robert Heard, the 400-pound bodyguard of Black Panther leader Huey Newton.

If elected, Briggs vowed to "personally prosecute serious and habitual offenders, and members of organized crime," and said he would demand "stiff sentences" for those convicted of violent crimes.

But he said he would consider "victimless crimes such as marijuana and prostitution offenses as a low priority and will instead concentrate upon violent and white collar crimes."

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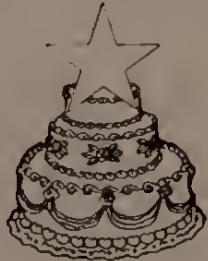
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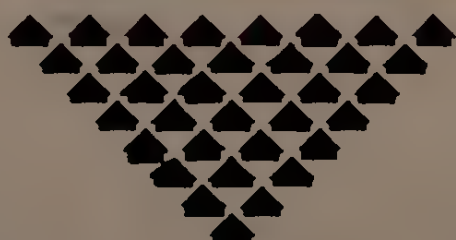


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Meditation . . . (Continued from Page 1)

"Wearing orange is to remind us to shed old things, not to hang on to old pains and rules we think we have to follow," said Knowles.

"Orange is like fire, burning to recreate, or like the sun nourishing the newborn," another member said.

"It really works," he continued. "You feel different in orange — more alive."

Others said orange made them "stand out in a crowd," and had a dramatic effect on their relationships with others.

"People really notice us," said Knowles. "They think we're part of some crazy cult."

Asked whether the mandatory orange wardrobe wasn't contradictory to one's freedom to choose an identity, some replied:

"But orange is the best color to wear." Or, "it's the only requirement that Bhagwan makes. It is not too much."

The basic principle of Rajneesh philosophy is that one should be "always changing." It is detrimental to stick to one perception of oneself because it would "bury one in a self-created rut."

The hard part, followers say, is executing the philosophy.

"The essence is to enjoy life fully. Don't deny things to yourself," Knowles said. "We practice it in Kundilini meditation and in Sufi dancing. This is the formula for freedom — a complete outbursting."

Rajneesh believes in satisfying one's natural urges to achieve higher energy. He teaches the importance of "loving everyone freely."

"Love should not be kept in shackles to be perversely and unevenly released at certain times," said Knowles.

He said that Rajneesh sees the prime human energy as sexual energy and that most people turn that energy into a tension. Until you release that energy, he said, the mind and body will be stagnated.

"When you satisfy your sexual energy, your spirit and mind are cleared. You can then accomplish things on a higher level."

Members say their lives have changed dramatically since they "found Rajneesh." Some heard tapes of him speaking and became

followers. Others, like Ann Brennecke, 48, actually met him in India.

Brennecke said she found "the master" last year, after her second divorce.

"I didn't know what I wanted to do," she said, tugging on the ties of her orange drawstring pants.

"I had absolutely no confidence in myself. I thought I was getting old."

While visiting her daughter, Brennecke heard a tape of him speaking and found herself startled and intrigued.

"Who is that?" she recalled saying. This prompted her to visit the Rajneesh Center in Geetum, Calif., and then to visit the master himself in Poona.

"It was the most striking experience I ever had," she said, her green eyes wide and sharp. "His words and his presence are incredible."

"God, I've changed since then. He taught me to be myself. Not to compare myself with younger people. I'm ageless."

Others found Rajneesh while traveling in Europe.

Other followers, like Ramona Rainbeau, became members through the mail. Rainbeau, 25, heard a tape of Rajneesh and de-

cided to join.

Aspiring members simply send the master a photograph and description of themselves.

All members receive two things upon initiation: a new Indian name and a rosebead necklace (malla) upon which hangs a wooden-framed photograph of the master.

Members of the Bay Area Rajneesh Center are of all ages, persuasions and social backgrounds. Their new philosophy, most said, has brought them closer to themselves and each other.

"When I see an orange person, you know, with the malla, I know it's okay to put my arms around them and they will respond. I feel I know them already. They understand," Knowles said.

Still, most orange people have retained old occupations and friendships. Careers range from waitress and potter to computer analyst and insurance agent.

"My boss still hasn't noticed I wear orange every day," said Rainbeau, a secretary.

The building at 4301 - 24th St. which houses the Rajneesh Center is appropriately painted orange. It contains a lounge room downstairs, a meditation room, hot tub, and an apartment upstairs.

The lounge room sports a large orange pillow-couch set on a thick

green carpet. Orange-framed photos of the beloved master dot the clean white walls, and a corner bookshelf displays his many publications.

Its door opens and closes, admitting orange-dressed people singly or in groups. They enter and greet others with hugs and kisses and talk of the day.

"Sometimes if there are a lot of us together, we start massaging each other to music or start dancing," one woman said. "It's beautiful because it's spontaneous."

Although touching and embracing are important to the Rajneesh lifestyle, members say they do not all have sex together.

"We're just like everyone else, gay and straight," Knowles said. "We love each other, but our sex lives are private. Most of us have one lover," he said.

The sounds of clattering dishes and children at play can be heard from the apartment upstairs. Six members live there.

Each morning and evening, the orange people gather to meditate.

Kundilini yoga meditation, one type they practice, involves a lot of shaking and active movement. The purpose is to release all tension in the body.

Members also practice chaotic or dynamic meditation, which starts at a low level of movement and vocal expression, and ends in a cathartic series of shakes and screams. Some remove their clothing in the liberating process.

"We have to cover our faces with pillows when we scream," said Brennecke, "to keep from being heard on the street."

After a Wednesday evening meditation, done behind closed doors, several members emerged from the designated room and headed upstairs for the hot tub, laughing and hugging each other from the experience.

"Time to get loose, now," said one flushed participant.

Members pay \$30 a month to use the facilities, but not all Bay Area Rajneesh followers belong to the 24th Street center.

"We don't even all know each other," said Rainbeau. "Till we run into each other on the streets. Then you know. We're the ones having the best times."

Photo by Charles Kennard



The 'orange people,' as the followers of Rajneesh are often called, enjoy liberating energy during a meditative session at their Noe Valley center.

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Pro-choice Movement Loses Round in Abortion Fight

By Judith Healy

Should poor women have access to state funds for abortions? Not according to a California court decision handed down May 29, 1979.

"The court decision was shocking to the degree that it was totally contemptuous of women and women's rights," was the reaction of Alice Wolfson of the Committee To Defend Reproductive Rights (CDRR). "At one point in their decision they stated essentially that the real problem was that women have to understand that when they have intercourse they are taking a risk."

The Committee, which "resides" in the Women's Building at 18th and Valencia Streets, had sued the State Department of Health Services for excluding from its 1978-79 budget any funds for Medi-Cal abortions. CDRR claimed the ban on funding for abortions discriminated against poor women by denying them the ability to exercise the same legal right as women who are able to afford abortions. The court, however, maintained that the ban on Medi-Cal funds for abortions was constitutional, except in cases of rape or incest or where the mother's life was in danger.

While the case was being heard, the ban was not in effect because of an injunction lasting until the court reached its decision. Now, since CDRR and other pro-abortion forces were not successful in petitioning legislators to include abortion dollars in the 1979-80 budget, the end to some 50,000 annual Medi-Cal abortions in California may come as early as August.

CDRR's next move will be to petition for a hearing before the State Supreme Court in the hope that it will reverse the lower court's decision. The group will also seek another injunction so that Medi-Cal abortions can continue until the Supreme Court reaches its verdict.

The struggle over abortion has been complicated and emotional. Although the U. S. Supreme Court ruled in 1973 that every woman had the constitutional right to have an abortion, the Hyde Amendment later undercut this ruling by forbidding the use of federal money for abortions. And in 1977 the Supreme Court itself held that neither the Constitution nor federal law required individual states to pay for abortions for indigent women. In dissent, Justice Harry Blackman suggested that this ruling was "reminiscent of 'let them eat cake.'"

In 1976, before the end of publicly financed abortions, the federal government spent an approximate \$50 million on 300,000 abortions for poor women, but it also estimated that if the women had had their children, the cost would have been 10 times that much for delivery and post-natal care. Even the costs of hospital care for women suffering complications from illegal abortions are more per woman than the costs of a proper medical abortion.

CDRR literature underscores this point: "The fact that Medi-Cal will pay for all care needed by a poor woman who is mutilated as a result of a back-alley abortion or an attempt at self-induced abortion points out the glaring hypocrisy in the restrictions and the blatant disregard for the health and safety of poor women in this society."

"It's not really a budgetary issue but a political one," said Debby Rogow, also a member of CDRR. "Things seem to be falling apart. There's a lack of stability in society in general." Even the family, "one of the things people used to be able to rely on, is decaying." She believes that the anti-abortionists, or "right-to-lifers" as they are called, see feminism and abortion as contributing to this decay and through their anti-abortion stand are attempting to "pull things together somehow, trying to make something work again."

In their attempt to pull things together, the right-to-lifers have rolled into motion a broad-based movement and lobbying arm they hope to extend into every state. One of their major aims is the passage of a Human Life Amendment (HLA) to the U. S. Constitution which would grant fetuses the same status and constitutional rights as any other citizen, thus turning abortion into murder in the eyes of the law. Organizing the drive toward passage of this HLA is the Washington, D. C.-based Life Amendment Political Action Committee that has branches in many other states and boasts sophisticated public relations machinery, computerized fund-raising techniques and extensive lobbying activities.

Asked who the "pro-lifers" actually are, Wolfson replied: "You have to make a distinction between the leaders and the masses." The masses, she believes, are "white, working-class people who are really trying to defend their way of life... The leaders work on their fears and prejudices." Rather than blaming the decay of the family on socio-economic causes, the leaders "blame the women's liberation movement."

According to both Wolfson and Rogow, the Catholic Church plays a big role in the leadership of the pro-life movement because of the funding it provides for lobbying.

Both women also blame what has been termed the "New Right" for aiding anti-abortion activities. "There's a general move to the right in this country," said Wolfson, "and their interests coincide."

The pro-choice movement may not yet have vast financial support, but it certainly matches the right-to-lifers in numbers, energy and determination. Rogow said the pro-abortion movement was staffed mainly by women who are young, white and who have been part of the women's movement. However, she said, they also "have a base with the poor and minority women and the grass roots in general." They have lobbied against such "pro-life" bills as those mandating consent of husband or parent before an abortion is obtained, or those requiring any doctor giving an abortion to inform the state as to the size and weight of the aborted fetus. Most of these bills have failed to pass.

The CDRR, part of the Coalition for the Medical Rights of Women, was organized to defend women's reproductive rights against attacks by the "pro-life" movement and legislation like the Hyde Amendment. But the group also works around such issues as sterilization regulations and the labeling of drugs that may affect pregnant or nursing women.

Despite the legislators' refusal to include abortion money in this year's budget, CDRR will continue to work for abortion rights. Besides petitioning the State Supreme Court, the committee will pressure doctors to provide sliding scales for payment of abortions (and even some free abortions).

Next year when the legislature votes whether to include money for abortions in its 1980-81 budget, CDRR will be right there demanding for poor women the right to choose abortions if they so desire.

THE QUESTING PERSON

Ever in search of meaning, The Questing Person goes out among us in search of its quest for meaning. This month's quest:

HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR EGGS?

Lee Greever, starwaitperson, Acme Cafe: Eggs from chickens that walk on the ground and eat real food and stay off drugs.

Jace Bartholoma, "Best in the West" chef, Herb's Fine Foods: After cooking them for seven years, I've decided I like 'over easy.' After you learn how, they're the easiest to cook. Scrambled is a hassle.

Marla De Martini, cashier, Noe Valley Tacos: Everyday I take two eggs with a glass of orange juice. It contains all the vitamins but it doesn't taste good. You have to learn to swallow it fast.

Johnithin Christ, singer: Dead.

Regina, teller, Gibraltar Savings: Preferably cooked and with a whole yolk. But when I'm eating them with pancakes, I like it when the yolk and the maple syrup mix.

Sally Uhrig, student: On time.

Clara Chicken: Well-behaved.

David Duberman, photographer: Anywhere but on my face.

Photos by Charles Kennard

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His 'Pearl Diver' Makes a Splash

Martin Epstein Tops New Wave of Tragi-comic Theater

"I try to go as deeply as I can into the world where appearances just shatter and reality starts coming through."

--Noe Valley playwright Martin Epstein

By Paul Winer

The New York Times has called him a playwright with "a voice and a charm of his own, and more than a spark of original and transforming compassion." These accolades are not meant for a Broadway stalwart, but for Noe Valley's own playwright in residence, Martin Epstein.

The praise was for Epstein's latest work, "Autobiography of a Pearl Diver." Since then, several New York producers have telephoned Epstein to express interest in the play which recently ended an extended run at the Magic Theater at Fort Mason.

Epstein has discussed the production of a new play at the Magic Theater next year. The play deals with the individual and his relationship to sex, creation, love, marriage and the family.

He is also writing a play "which deals with neighborhood spirit--and it's based a lot on my experience in Noe Valley."

Epstein, a part of the new wave of tragi-comic playwrights, got his start in Timestown-- in the Bronx, where he grew up.

"Back in the third grade," the Noe Valley resident recalls, "we had to keep journals. One day this kid named Kenneth Patterson got up, and he said, instead of reading his journal, 'Today I am a bank robber.' And he gave his journal from the point of view of a bank robber. My jaw dropped down to my ankle."

"Today he probably is a bank robber. And I'm a playwright, just trying to describe life from other people's points of view."

While Epstein was formulating his own point of view, he was also coping with growing up in the Bronx. He had a sense of being an outsider from an early age because "it was a neighborhood in which the primary activity was going to the corner and counting cars. Of course, I didn't play that game. I thought of faraway places, and they just counted cars..."

"Most people think writers are just concerned about thinking of faraway places. I've since learned that writers have to be able to count cars while thinking of faraway places. Because their work has got to contain both."

Epstein went to Bronx High School of Science. "Either I was one of the few genuine idiots there, or else I was one of the few smart ones-- to this day, I can't make up my mind which." The school experience "got me out of science forever. But I have nothing against science, I just want it to stay in its own backyard." He took a degree in literature from City College of New York, then spent a summer in Europe, then six months in the army.

Stationed at Fort Dix, New Jersey, Epstein remembers, "(I got) my first understanding of how great it was to really be able to see your enemy up close... They were wearing the same uniform as I was-- that



Photo by Charles Kennard

Hatching hits in Noe Valley: Playwright Martin Epstein, 41, a Valley resident for the past eight years, has gotten rave reviews from coast to coast.

was the surprise."

The army was a testing ground for Epstein's early writing. "During the day I was marching, at night I was writing plays--bad plays... The plots were... defensive strategies,"-- against everything. "If you'd been in the army for six months, you'd know what I was talking about," he said. Epstein paid a visit to San Francisco after

his army tour. "I had meant to come for the summer, and I stayed 20 years."

During those 20 years, Epstein has lived in many neighborhoods. But his favorite is his home of the last eight years, Noe Valley. "The women are beautiful. The women are great. And aggressive."

The theater expert does not foresee a little theater finding a

stage in Noe Valley in the near future. "It would be a wonderful thing to have a theater. But it takes sponsors and it takes a lot of money. It takes somebody with a real vision and it takes somebody who can raise money. San Francisco's so small, I don't know if it's necessary for the neighborhoods to have theater. It's more important that wherever a theater is, it reach the whole city."

Epstein certainly has participated in the theater scene of "the whole city." After receiving his M.A. in creative writing from San Francisco State, Epstein became an associate director with the old Actors Workshop. There Epstein and some friends tried to revive the floundering predecessor of the American Conservatory Theater (ACT).

After a year with the Actors Workshop, Epstein started his own company, Encounter Theater. That venture lasted a year, during which Epstein had the opportunity to direct as well as act.

But it was in playwriting that Epstein made his name. His first play, "The Man Who Killed the Buddha," was twice a finalist at the Eugene O'Neill Playwrights Festival, a prestigious summer camp for playwrights, at which 12 playwrights are invited to have their plays read aloud. His second, "Your Backyard and My Backyard," was performed last year at the Bay Area Playwrights Festival. His latest is the one that merited the Times review.

Epstein and others may live for theater, but most people, including Epstein, cannot live off theater. Epstein has been teaching full-time at the New College of California for the past eight years. He has also taught at San Francisco State and UC Extension in the fields of literature, playwriting, philosophy and drama.

Epstein has insights on both theater and on writing in general. A sampling:

On the theater: "I think theater has an absolutely social responsibility. It should rouse the audience to the potential of its own creative energy, both on a communal and individual level. It should never, never, never preach. The problems in the world are obvious enough. The theater isn't going to educate anyone."

"The real problem is to make a person's energy available to himself so that he can use it. If the energy is available, a person will be free to figure out what to do with it. If the energy's not available, all the preaching in the world won't help."

On the playwrights who have had the most influence on him: "Ibsen, Strindberg, Chekov, Beckett-- almost everyone who's good has influenced me." One of his favorite modern playwrights is Sam Shepard. "Sam is one of the only playwrights in America who approaches, in his imagination, a real mythic sense of what America's all about."

On why he chose playwriting over the other disciplines: "I fell in love with the intensity of the play form. It's the most diffi-

(Continued on Page 8)

REVIEW

Serious Mothers and Silly Grandfathers

MOMMA: A start on all the untold stories

By alta

Times Change Press, 1972

77 pages, \$2.50

Reviewed by Lynn Rogers

One Christmas a friend, Ruth, comes to visit. alta has been looking forward to being with her, to talking to an adult woman. But alta misses most of the dinner conversation because, throughout the meal, she has to get up and care for her two daughters. During dessert, angel, her lover, tells her about Ruth's sister who lives in New York and is trapped in the house by bad weather for days at a time. Ruth says she'd go mad if that happened to her. alta writes, "i looked at them, realizing they really didn't know a thing about me, or about mothers, or what any of it is like, or that i had to leave the room constantly to attend to the children. i looked at each of them and i said 'i have not stepped out of this house for six days.'"

This book comes in bits and snatches-- the way time to write comes to a mother in bits and snatches. It's not a "real" novel, but it's a good start on all the untold stories a mother would tell if she had the time. Some of the stories are nice and tell about the good times when parent and child see each other as two people who love one another. Many of them, however, are not very nice. They tell of the bad things that can happen when people are stuck being the parent, being the child, when they'd like to be two people who don't even know one another-- for a while anyway. All of the stories are recognizable to mothers or to anyone who has spent some time at mothering. And if you haven't, but you're thinking about it, maybe you should read these stories first.

We should all thank Tillie Olsen for telling alta not to wait the 10 years until it could be "finished," but that MOMMA was necessary to us now.

THE SILLY GRANDPA

By A. E. & Kerin Biderman

Tools for Schools, Inc., 1978

24 pages

When my daughter, Felicia, saw me reading this book, she said, "How do you like it, Mom?" "Well," I said, "it's kind of silly." "Of course it's Silly," she said. "It's supposed to be Silly and, anyway, Kerin's grandpa is a very Silly Grandpa." "Oh," I said. "So what do you think of it then?" I asked her. "Well," she said, "I haven't really finished reading it yet, but I've looked at all the pictures. Kerin's drawing is getting better all the time."

THE SILLY GRANDPA is a good book to read to a silly kid if you happen to have one around.

(It's available at the Center for Puppetry in Education, corner of Church and 29th Streets, which happens to be run by Kerin's parents and A. E.'s kids.)

ARTIFACTS

By Judith Lynch Waldhorn

Ideally, public buildings should delight the eye and nourish the spirit. Noe Valley residents are fortunate because our branch library does both. Discover it for yourself at 451 Jersey St., one block south of the corner of 24th and Castro Streets.

The Public Library Trustees endorsed a branch library system in 1888. The Mission District branch was the first to open. Eight others soon followed, and the first Noe Valley library was at 1308 Castro St. Originally, the branches were located in rented quarters; then in 1912 Andrew Carnegie gave the City \$750,000, one-third of which was to build libraries in neighborhoods. The present Noe Valley Library was the third built with Carnegie funds; it was dedicated Sept. 17, 1916.

The "Municipal Report" boasted: "It is very handsome and convenient. It is the work of the architect John Reid, Jr., and is a great credit to him." An active Noe Valley resident had a connection to the Reid firm: Sally Brunn, one of the founders of Friends of Noe Valley, is the daughter of William Clement Ambrose, an employee of Reid's architectural firm who helped design the library. Because of her father's contribution to the library design, Mrs. Brunn donated his desk, which is now used in the children's room.

The library is a two-story "Mission" or "Spanish" style building, with a shell of brick and ornate embellishment of terra cotta. The main cornice is red tile; inscribed across the front is "Noe Valley Branch Public Library" in bold Roman letters. Under the tiles are three bands of molding. At the top are "dentils" — easy to recognize because they look like big front teeth. Underneath is another classical pattern, "enriched talon." Right below is another easily identified type, "egg and dart," ovals alternating with arrows. This motif is an ancient Greek one; the eggs represent life, and the arrows, death. All three molding patterns are popular; you can find them in plaster on Victorian homes, in stucco on commercial buildings and in stone in the Civic Center.

Four columns preside over the second story; they have a skin of fluted terra cotta and decorative capitals of egg and dart molding. Under the row of columns is a series of vividly colored cornucopias — swagged fruits and ribbons — with open books in between them. Terra cotta sunflowers and foliage frame the entryway, and above the door is a triangular pediment edged with acanthus leaves. Inside is a seal with the San Francisco Public Library motto, "Life without literature is death."

The total cost of the library building, including the lot and furnishings, was \$45,499. The building is lavishly enriched with decoration, both inside and out. One reason its embellishment was so elaborate was the availability of inexpensive terra cotta detail.

Terra cotta is a ceramic clay product which by 1890 had "changed the face of architecture in the West," according to historian Margaret Henry. It was cast from plaster molds, then glazed and fired. It was lightweight and low cost, and could be ordered from local trade catalogs. Its range of color, texture and design was almost limitless. As early as 1886, the Scientific American magazine was endorsing the product: "Every architect and builder should seek the opportunity of visiting the establishment of a terra cotta maker... A plain brick building may be invested with artistic interest at a comparatively small cost, and elaborate and high art effects may be obtained."

The Noe Valley branch library is an eloquent testimony to the wonders of terra cotta as a decorative material.

Margaret Wyatt has been the branch librarian since 1974. Under her direction, the library has greatly expanded its activities and become a meetingplace for many community groups. This endeavor was helped along by Friends of Noe Valley, which has constantly lobbied for more library staff and longer hours. The meeting room was completed in 1978, offering Noe Valley an important resource: free space for neighborhood-related activities.

The yard behind the library was a bald stretch of asphalt until 1976, when a group decided to plant a community garden. It is almost completed, only a wooden deck remains to be built. Many Noe Valley residents work on the garden; Al Lanier donated the plans and Burgess Webb designed the iron gates. The garden is always open for visitors; work parties are held the second and fourth Saturdays of each month.

The library supports the work of neighborhood artists by scheduling exhibits of painting, graphics, textiles, photographs and sculpture. Several donations by local craftspersons make the library a cheerful place to spend an afternoon. A special women's collection and many books from Bay Area small presses offer additional incentive for scholars. Children are welcomed with special story hours, reading guides, films and workshops. The establishment of the Noe Valley Community Archives is the most recent addition to the library's collection.

You can visit the branch Tuesday, 10 a.m. to noon and 1 to 6 p.m.; Wednesday, 1 to 9 p.m.; and Thursday through Saturday, 1 to 6 p.m. For information, please call 285-2788.

NOTE: Judith Lynch Waldhorn is a Noe Valley resident who teaches and writes about Victorian architecture. She is on the staff of the San Francisco History Room of the Main Library. Please send any information or questions about Noe Valley architecture or history to her in care of the Noe Valley Voice, 1021 Sanchez St., San Francisco, 94114.



Photos by Peter Bennett

Constructed in 1916, the Noe Valley Library looms as a local example of the City's resplendent architectural heritage.

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Local Formula for Nestle Boycott

By Debbie Susswein

Consumers are using their dollars for political clout. They have done it by supporting the United Farm Workers' boycotts against Gallo Wine, lettuce, grapes and more recently, Chiquita Bananas.

And now the shelves on 24th Street indicate a move against the substitute for mother's milk, infant formula.

The Northern California chapter of INFANT (Infant Formula Action Coalition), with its base in San Francisco, has been actively seeking support for a boycott and has been urging the community to take part in its protest against formula promotion. Last month 24th Street began to stir again with the news that the boycott was still going.

Three Noe Valley merchants have taken steps to support the protest against promotion of formula, the most popular of which is manufactured by Nestle, the huge Swiss-based food corporation.

Cameo Coffee owner, Michael Gest, no longer carries any Nestle products and the Meat Market's Curtiss Chan has taken Pero (Nestle's coffee substitute) off the menu.

Russ Ruderman, manager of San Francisco Real Food, still carries Pero, and is leaving the decision up to his customers, whether they want to continue buying it or change their brand to any of about five other coffee substitutes, on the shelf next to Pero. Since there is no indication on the can that Pero is a Nestle owned company, Ruderman has placed a conspicuous sign informing his clientele, "Pero is a Nestle product... we encourage you to buy our other coffee substitutes." Ruderman says that if Pero sales drop considerably, he will remove it from the shelf.

Nestle, the world's leading producer of infant formula, has conducted mass marketing practices in developing countries that have been the target of increasing criticism for about ten years. Nutritionists, doctors, consumer and religious groups have denounced Nestle for its aggressive promotion persuading millions of women to shun the breast, in favor of bottle feeding, contributing to the "bottle baby disaster."

Nestle's promotion has included mass media advertising, distribution of free samples to clinics, hospitals and homes of the newborns, and employment of "milk nurses", trained in the selling of formula.

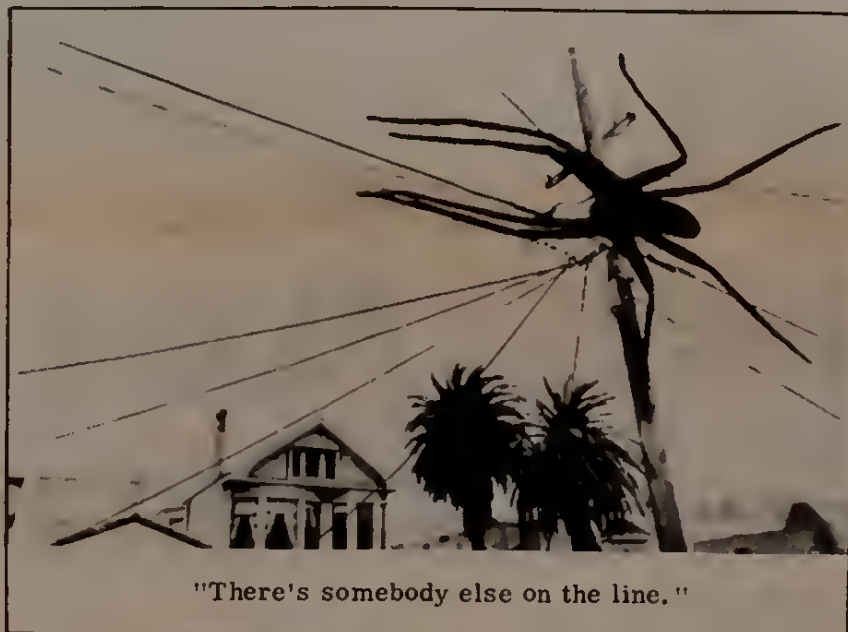
But the formula must be diluted with water, and because water is contaminated in developing countries, babies are exposed to infections against which they are defenseless. Because the formula is costly, mothers often stretch it by overdiluting, causing malnutrition, marasmus (the weakening and gradual wasting away of flesh and strength, occurring chiefly in infants) and death. Mother's milk is pure and safe and provides antibodies which combat diseases of early childhood. But breastfeeding is on the decline.

Nestle and three major American formula companies have all been criticized for their promotional activities, but Nestle has been singled out. Abbott, American Home Products and Bristol-Myers have been addressed through stockholders resolutions, but since Nestle is Swiss-based, it was necessary to take a different approach.

Other Nestle owned products that are being boycotted are: Taster's Choice, Nescafe, Nestea, Nestle's QUIK, Nestle's Crunch, Libby's, Souptime, DeCaf, Stouffer's products and restaurants, Crosse & Blackwell, Maggi, Sunrise, Swiss Knight Cheese, McVities, Crawford products, Kavli Crispbread, Provolone Locatelli, Major Grey's Chutney, Wispride, Deer Park Mountain Spring Water, Beringer Wines, Rusty Scupper Restaurants, Los Hermanos Wines, Lancome cosmetics, L'Oreal cosmetics, Contique products and Ionax products.

Meanwhile, the boycott has been endorsed by Supervisors Harry Britt and Carol Ruth Silver, District 5 candidates Howard Wallace, Kay Pachtner and Joel Ventresca, Synergy Day Care, San Francisco Women's Health Center, Coalition for the Medical Rights of Women, San Francisco Bay Guardian, Center for Rural Studies/Earthwork, San Francisco Consumer Action, Nurses in Transition, Health Education Seminars, Nurses for Progressive Health Care, and the Golden Gate Nurses Association.

Photo by Charles Kennard



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Epstein...

(Continued from Page 6)

cult art form, and I like that too.

"In fiction, you're putting words on the page. In playwrighting you are putting words into the mouths of bodies, actors. Theater is essentially committed to the flesh, which doesn't mean it doesn't have a spiritual reality too.

"Poetry deals with the emotion and spirit of a single voice. In plays, you're dealing with many voices. But not just voices, bodies too. Poetry is words in motion, theater is bodies in motion using words."

About the Little Theater scene in San Francisco: "There's a lot of good stuff going on. The Magic Theater is one of the most original and courageous theaters in America. I think San Francisco ought to really support them, because they are one of the few theaters in this country that consistently does all new work."

Someday Epstein might return to New York. "I'd like to live there for a year or so."

He readily points out the fundamental difference between New York and San Francisco theater: "People like to go to the theater here, people have to go to the theater there."

But Martin Epstein has to have theater-- whether it is in New York or Noe Valley. With him it is "a necessity." What would he be doing if he weren't a playwright? "I would like to play with animals. If I weren't in theater, I'd probably be playing with animals."

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If the dearth of men's clothing stores in Noe Valley has given males the blues, they need be despondent no more. Liz and Ron Klein, the owners of 24th St. Blues, have opened a men's clothing store called Joshua Simon (after their son).

The store specializes in high quality men's wear, featuring the Italian brands Al Tino Italia and Masetti, the French makes Paul d'Avril, Roland and St. Piel, and also New York Sportswear.



The high quality means high prices also — shirts cost from \$12 to \$65. But Ron Klein says there's less mark-up at his store than on the same merchandise at downtown stores. And he wants to "offer a better style in a neighborhood atmosphere."

Joshua Simon also carries clothes in hard-to-find small and extra small sizes, as well as a selection of fine leather accesso-



By Carla Anders and Paul Winer

ries. The owners hope to open a shoe department in the rear of the store soon.

Joshua Simon is open from 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. Monday through Saturday, and from 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. on Sunday.

NOE BOOKS AND NEWS
2233 Market St.
282-7144

The bad news is that Noe News Is Good News has moved to Eureka Valley. The good news is that the store, which is changing its name to Noe Books and News, has expanded its stock of books, especially the fiction and science fiction sections.

The store also carries magazines, posters, pens, maps and stationery. But the specialty is specialty magazines and newspapers. Whether you're looking for the Progressive or National Review, the Bay Guardian or the Village Voice, Working Mother or Skateboarder, Noe Books and News has it.

The New York Times is probably the store's highest attraction. Noe Books and News carries the Sunday editions of both the New York Times and the Los Angeles Times, as well as the San Jose Mercury News.

Noe Books and News is open

Tuesday through Saturday from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. and Monday and Sunday from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

GAMBIT
3836 - 24th St.
282-5700

No matter what your game is, you can usually find something in Noe Valley to suit your interests. And now, for those whose game is games, Gambit Games has arrived.

Entering the store, the first thing one learns is that there are more games to be had than chess and checkers. Besides carrying varieties of these standards, the store has hackgammon, darts, mah-jongg, go, bingo, scrabble, jigsaw puzzles and historical simulation games.

Gambit also carries books on games and gambling and gift items for dens and studies, such as desk sets and custom-made gaming tables.



Co-owner Gary Grady said the store also had branches in Berkeley and downtown San Francisco. He opened shop in Noe Valley because he felt many people preferred a neighborhood store to going downtown.

Gambit is open daily, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

DIAMOND SUTRA

737 Diamond St. near 24th Street
285-6988

A flamenco guitar plays in the background. A medley of exotic aromas permeates the air and titillates your palate. The dinner is served -- perhaps a Greek lamb pastitsa or French mushroom artichoke cheese pie. As you savor the gastronomic delights, you gaze out the window and behold -- no, not an oasis or a tropical setting, but Noe Valley's own Diamond Street.

Facing an overflow of business, the Diamond Sutra restaurant has doubled the size of both its kitchen facilities and dining area. It can now accommodate 70 at private tables. (Patrons used to sit on benches at long communal tables.)

The restaurant serves an international cuisine of an equal number of meat and vegetarian dishes. Each night owner Gladwin Solomon recasts his dinner menu, drawing from such specialties as Spinach and Walnut Lasagne, Bomhay Beef Korma, Moroccan Lemon Chicken, and Spanakopeta.

The Diamond Sutra is also a haven for brunch-afficionados. Brunch, which includes free champagne, is served Saturday and Sunday from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m.

Prices range from \$5.50 to \$7.95 for dinner and from \$1.95 to \$3.95 for brunch. The Diamond Sutra is open for dinner from 5:30 to 10:30 p.m. daily. Reservations are advised for parties of six or more.



Photos by Charles Kennard

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NOE VALLEY, 2029 : The Awakening

© 1979 by Yves Barbero

(Last time, Tom revealed his plan to revive the space program despite widespread fears that this might usher in a new atomic terror. He wanted to rescue 22 individuals sent to Saturn's moon Titan in suspended animation and then abandoned when national governments collapsed. In this concluding episode, an attempt to awaken the interplanetary sleepers is made. And also, a renewal of man's technological dream to conquer the stars.)

Mary, the political expert of the Sixteen, the powerful group controlling the World Computer Combine (WCC), didn't understand why Tom wanted to renew efforts at space travel. She saw it as a vain dream.

But unlike her fellow combine members, she didn't question it. She felt Tom's vitality and saw him as a natural leader of mankind. A total practitioner of realpolitic, she had no vision of her own, but saw the need for such visions and had no trouble becoming Tom's lieutenant in the enterprise.

She told the other fifteen, "What profiteth a group if they gain the whole world but lose their vision?" The argument was convincing — as much because Tom was now leader as because it made sense to a group in constant fear of losing its grip.

Tom's Victorian mansion on 25th and Dolores quickly became the nerve center of the enterprise. Its orders were radioed to the big dish antenna on the Out Back of Australia which turned its eye toward Saturn.

Graham, a misanthrope who was actually the Soviet space expert Alexis Sneg, was renewed in his purpose. He diligently saw to the thousand and one details of reawakening the sleepers — including his wife Galya — on the Titan-bound ship. He brooked no interference from anyone, including Tom. It had been his project when it was in the hands of the Soviets and was again, now that it was controlled by the WCC.

Tom sat in a corner of the converted basement and watched the 20 technicians at their consoles. He was joined by his wife Suzie Sunshine. In 20 seconds, the cameras aboard the ship would be ordered activated and for the first time in decades, the sleepers would be seen.

"I'm so excited," she said in her little girl's voice.

Tom looked at her. She was pregnant but it didn't show yet. It would be a son, the experts said.

"I just told my board of directors that I wouldn't miss this for the world. Business be hanged," she said.

"Four...three...two...one," Graham called over the loudspeaker. He touched the hutton. Nothing! No one was upset. It would take over two hours for the signal to reach the ship and the image to come back. Light travels at 186,000 miles per second and the Saturn ship was almost 750 million miles away.

They waited in silence, ignoring the lunch served them in the interval. At the precise instant that it should have, the screen filled with stars. A wild cheer sounded in the room. Saturn with its majestic rings appeared in a corner of the screen. The camera automatically turned to view the planet and the telescopic lens activated itself, zooming in on the unknown surface.

Tom looked at Graham, who made no effort to withhold tears. The automatic sequence, programmed so many years ago by the Soviet builders, continued. Several interiors of the ship showed on the screen. For the first time, Tom saw the coffin-like chambers in the crew's quarters.

Readings were checked and rechecked. All was in order.

Graham walked over to Tom with the switch which would awaken the sleepers. "It's for you to do," he said.

Tom nodded and took the switch. He pressed the red hutton. The new sequence was started. They waited. They watched. There was total silence while they waited for the lights of the first coffin to activate. Twenty minutes after that signal came to Earth, the coffin opened.

Tom felt a knot in his stomach.

A man with a light beard blinked his eyes and stepped out, naked to the new world. In Russian, the man said, "We have arrived, comrades."

Graham grabbed the microphone and held it in a vice-like grip. "Peter! It is I, Alexis Sneg. Many things have happened since you departed." A reply would have taken two hours to return so Graham continued in Russian, outlining the political changes that had happened since they left and the new plans for them to come home.

When the signal returned, they watched Peter listen impassively, perhaps in a slight state of shock. He accepted it all and followed the instructions given him. Within an hour, all the sleepers were awakened, reborn into a world not of their making.

Galya spoke soft words to her now old husband. Although Tom understood much of the Russian, he felt it too private to translate to Suzie. But she got the sense of it. There were tears in her eyes.

It was done. The rest was details.

Tom rose from his chair and walked out of the control room.

There was a stairway designated for his use only. He took it to the attic and looked at his watch. 2:43 a.m.

The attic, like every room in the mansion, had a console with the everpresent key lock. Tom pressed '7555' and it came alive. He punched out a series of orders without bothering to sit down, and a wall and the ceiling slid back revealing a pitch night sky. Unlike 50 years before, there were few lights to interfere with the stars. It was a

dazzling sight, the sort usually seen only out in the country.

A cold breeze made Tom's collar cling to his neck until the glass rose to replace the wall and ceiling. There was a low hum as a small but powerful telescope rose from the floor.

Tom ignored it and looked upward. He seemed hypnotized by the spectacle.

Certainly, he didn't see Suzie coming up the stairs.

She stopped before finishing her climb. She remained silent and watched Tom looking upward.

He seemed transformed, a being not quite of this Earth.

She held her breath.

This was the first time Suzie had ever seen a man in godlike guise. Indeed, it was one of the few times in history any individual had ever seen another individual in such guise. She suddenly understood Jesus and Buddha and why people worshipped them. Deny it as they might in their own lifetime, the next generation always worshipped.

Tom's role in history she saw, was clear. He was the moving force given once in a millenia to elevate man another step. As absurd as the idea of progress was to Suzie's sociological mind, she now understood the notion deep within her.

He suddenly turned and smiled at her. "Come and look at the stars with me, Susan!"

He called her Susan, not Suzie. She had become a person to him.

He held out his hand to her.

Five years later, Tom would be assassinated by men who believed they were doing mankind a service. But by then his purpose would be too far advanced to be held back by the fearful and timid.

Two hundred years later, man settled 20 Earthlike planets orbiting 20 distinct stars.

A technician, perplexed by a small problem, would yell, "By Tom, I'll solve this damn thing yet!"

Aren't our gods best remembered in curses?

- THE END -



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24th Street Revisited

by Ellen Buoncristiani

Since I am all grown up now, I don't usually go to Noe Valley. But recently I accidentally steered onto 24th Street and was shocked to see still standing that timeless landmark of my youth — the Meat Market. Do not underestimate the impact this had on me. I had expected the Meat Market to perish with my teenage years. I hadn't realized that they were two different things.

My companion, Joanie, was thrown into a state of wonder no less powerful than my own. I slammed the brakes at the corner of 24th and Noe. We stared at each other, mouths slightly ajar.

"Do you see what I see?" I managed after a long moment. She did. I pulled over to the curb, still trembling. We took in the street scenes in semi-paralysis.

"It's it, alright," Joanie whispered.

"Wait," I cautioned. "Maybe...no, we didn't take any drugs."

"It's the same," she insisted. "It's all here! God, I thought it would have..."

"I know," I said soberly. "So did I."

"Let's get out. Did you see it? The Meat Market!"

"We have to," I said, opening the car door.

"Wait!" she cried hoarsely. "Close the door! We can't go in like this!" She indicated her Sassoon jeans, Hawaiian silk shirt and spike heels.

"Jesus, you're right," I said, quaking at what I had nearly done. We sat frozen in dilemma.

"I know!" she cried suddenly. "Quick. Drive to my house. The attic!"

Fifteen minutes later, we were in Forest Hill, throwing open trunk lids.

"They're here, I know they are," she said fitfully, tossing out tutus and a bridal gown. "I wouldn't have thrown them out. I knew they'd be worth money some day... oh!" she cried triumphantly. "Look!"

She reverently held up a pair of extremely faded overalls. "God, I had forgotten..."

"Any more?" I asked anxiously. We continued our search with renewed vigor. Our efforts soon produced innumerable memorabilia: a pair of hiking boots, patched jeans, two embroidered workshirts, one with a "Boycott Grapes" button still attached, a red handkerchief, an ankle length calico skirt, a down jacket, a thermal underwear shirt and a day pack.

"What are you hiding this stuff for?" I asked. "Do you know what the De Young would give for these?"

She had already outfitted herself in overalls and the hiking boots. "I feel so... so garage sale again!" she said, beaming. "Here, put the skirt on. And this!" She held up an embroidered peasant blouse. In minutes the transformation was complete. We ran downstairs and back to the car.

"Oh, wait," she said, to my dismay. "I'll be back in a minute."

When she hounced back into the car she was clutching two of the later Hesse novels, and proceeded to crack their bindings. "They don't quite look read enough, but they'll do."

Nothing had changed when we parked again on Noe Street. In fact, This time we emerged from the car without fear of standing out offensively.

We were cautious approaching the Meat Market, though. What if we had acted too quickly? What if it was under new management? We peered unobtrusively through the open door, reassured by a glimpse of spool tables and fruit crates.

"It's the same," I nudged her. "Come on."

No one noticed us as we picked our way over sleeping bodies to the counter.

"I forget what to order!" Joanie whispered frantically.

"Two espressos," I said confidently to the girl at the counter. "And," I hesitated, blushing, "some carrot cake."

After leaving my change in a little pot with a sign reading, "It's hip to tip!" fastened to it conspicuously, we turned to find our familiar old places on the laid-back floor. We had never actually sat on a chair there, and didn't expect to now. But what mellow vibes returned to us as we pushed aside an Irish Setter and claimed the tie-dyed pillow he had occupied.

Everything was perfect. Three silent chess games were underway. Two desolate young men sat at the same table, sipping fruit juice and reading "The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich." They did not appear to know each other. The guitar player was still singing "El Condor Pasa." I fanned myself with a Hesse novel, taking it all in.

"What is it?" I asked Joanie, contentedly. "I feel so... so..."

"So organic!" she said.

"No, it's more than organic. It's biodegradable. The human-ness of common people experiencing the gestalt of existence. I feel meaning, true meaning, not the superficial pleasures of the middle class but real meaning all around us. An ironic existential connection with all mankind which transcends social boundaries. Suddenly I wish I could take a Lamaze class."

"Follow the feeling, then. It's only natural," she said, frowning her brow thoughtfully.

"But the overpopulation," I said, darkening, sensing an intellectual conversation coming on. "And man's inhumanity to man."

"I think you're getting in touch with some negative feelings," she countered, shifting her position. "Overpopulation isn't so much the birth rate as the food shortage created by the capitalist economy which sucks life from the third world and from workers everywhere."

"Oh!" I said angrily. "So you suggest a Socialist revolution?"

"Of course," she insisted earnestly. "It's our only hope. But not a factionist counter-revolutionary fiasco like Russia. In the United States the masses are highly educated by world standards. And we have the media at our disposal."

"The media isn't in the hands of the workers," I contradicted.

"Oh, it isn't? How embarrassing," she said, glancing around. She leaned over and whispered, "I haven't been keeping up on these things."

I looked at her sideways, suspended between two worlds.

"Do you want to finish your coffee?" I asked nervously.

"Not really," she admitted. "But I have to go to the restroom. Do you have a pen?"

While waiting for her, I weighed myself on the free scale and examined the wall behind it. Scraps of paper were layered thickly atop one another over the entire wall, secured with an assortment of tacks, hatpins, and in the more thickly padded sections, with several stout daggers. On close examination I noted that every paper had writing on it, and each message began with "Looking for..."

Back outside when she re-joined me, I confessed that she had given me a scare. "Counter-revolutionary?" I said. "You don't still read Socialist papers, do you?"

She looked at me innocently. "No, of course not. I guess I kind of lost my head. All the concentrated mental activity in there really got to me. I had forgotten how upsetting real causes are."

"Don't worry," I reassured her as we stepped back into the car.

"We'll feel better after a good beer and some intensive Bee Gee's therapy."



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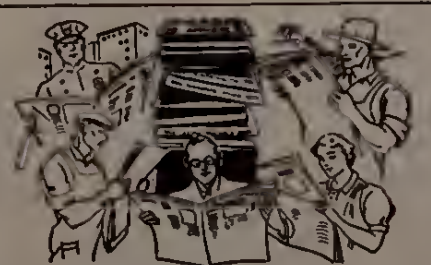
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CALENDAR

Aug. 6 Introduction to Cervical Self-Exam. S. F. Women's Health Center, 3789 - 24th St. 7:30 p.m. \$3. 282-6999.

Aug. 7 Menopause and Other Health Concerns of Middle-Aged Women, a series on 4 Tuesdays at the S. F. Women's Health Center, 3789 - 24th St. 7 to 9 p.m. \$16. Call 282-6999 to register.

Aug. 7 Two films, "The Hierarchy of Earth's Adepts" by Geoffrey Hodson and "How Many Lifetimes" by Moynihan Associates, will be shown at Earthsign Books, 4155 - 24th St. 8 p.m. \$2.

Aug. 8 Lecture about Henry George. Noe Valley Library, 451 Jersey St. 7:30 p.m. Free.

Aug. 8 Crime Symposium, sponsored by Noe Valley Merchants Association. Noe Valley Ministry, 1021 Sanchez St. 7:30 p.m. Public invited.

Aug. 15 "5,000 Years of Korean Art," slideshow and lecture. Noe Valley Library, 451 Jersey St. 7:30 p.m. Free.

Aug. 18 "Mosaic," a concert of traditional and modern music and dances from Egypt, Lebanon, Turkey and Armenia, performed by Jazayer and Amina and the Aswan Dancers. Community Music Center, 544 Capp St. 8 p.m. \$3.50.

Aug. 25, 26 "Squash," musical comedy by S. F. Mime Troupe. Dolores Park, 2 p.m. both days.

Aug. 31 Workshop on maskmaking with papiermache for children 7 and older. Led by Matthew Coleman of Centro Folklorico. Noe Valley Library, 451 Jersey St. 2 p.m. Free.

Please send CALENDAR items before the 20th day of the month preceding month of issue, to the Noe Valley Voice, 1021 Sanchez St., San Francisco, California, 94114.

Aug. 19 Diane DiPrima, Susan Griffin, David Fisher and others will read poetry at a benefit for Women for a Nuclear-free Society and People Against Nuclear Power. Women's Building, 3541 13th St. 2:00 p.m. \$3.00. 781-5342

ONGOING EVENTS

Aug. 3, 4 "Midnight Rock" at the Eureka Theatre Co., 2299 Market St. New Wave music. Call for \$ and res., 863-7133.

Through Aug. 4 Women's Photography Workshop presents a group exhibition, "Summer Showing," at the Top Floor Gallery, 330 Grove St. Wednesday through Sunday, noon to 6 p.m.

Through Aug. 5 "Eliminations," by Winston Tong and Bruce Geduldig. Eureka Theatre Co., 2299 Market St. Thursday through Sunday, 8 p.m. \$4 Thurs., Sun. \$5 Fri., Sat. 863-7133.

Through Aug. 18 "Odd Work Solo" by David Ng. Galeria Museo, 2nd floor of Mission Cultural Center, 2868 Mission St. near 25th. Exhibit of recent works by Ng, Bay Area Asian artist. Free.

Aug. 3 - Sept. 22 13 "No Sanctuary," mime performance piece by Mimesis and presented by Theatre of Man. The Performance Space, 1350 Waller St. 8:30 p.m. Previews Aug. 3, 4, and 10. Opening Aug. 11. Runs Fridays and Saturdays only. \$3. or PAS voucher. 285-3719.

Aug. 9 - 19 "Tropical Proxy" by Alan Finneran's Soon 3. Eureka Theatre Co., 2299 Market St. Thursday through Sunday, 8 p.m. \$4 Thurs., Sun. \$5 Fri., Sat. 863-7133.

Aug. 20 - 31 Exhibit of wooden graphics by artist Bubba Geiger at the Fair Oaks Gallery, 3418 - 22nd St. Reception Aug. 20 from 7 to 10 p.m. Gallery hours are 11 a.m. to 7 p.m., Monday through Saturday.

Aug. 23 - Sept. 2 "Bite of the Rose" by the Black Street Hawkeyes. Eureka Theatre Co., 2299 Market St. (same days, time and prices as above). 863-7133.

Aug. 24, 25, 31 "Moon Opera," part of the Eureka Theatre Co.'s Midnight Series, 2299 Market St. 863-7133.

At the Noe Valley Library, 451 Jersey St., 285-2788:

— Community Garden workdays, 2nd and 4th Sat., 9 a.m. to 2 p.m.

— Preschool Story Hours. Aug. 7, 10:30 a.m. and 1:30 p.m.

— Story Hour for Ages 6-10. Aug. 2 and 9, 4 p.m.

NOE VALLEY CINEMA

Films are shown Fridays at 8 p.m. at the Noe Valley Ministry, 1021 Sanchez St. near 23rd. \$1 members, \$2 general. Piano accompaniment by Robert Heilbut.

Aug. 3 Jacques Tati's "Mr. Hulot's Holiday," plus Charlie Chaplin in "The Adventurer."

Aug. 10 "Nosferatu," the first Dracula; and Robert Wiene's "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari."

Aug. 17 "Lady Chatterly's Lover," plus Bay Area filmmaker Elizabeth Gee's "Through a Rose Colored Lense."

Aug. 24 Jean Genet's existential masterpiece "The Balcony," and Boris Deutsch's "Lullaby" (short).

Aug. 31 Katharine Hepburn in "Suddenly Last Summer; Dimitri Kirsanoff's "Menilmontant" (short).

Classism

The Bay Area Language Center, a private language school, offers classes in Spanish, French, Portuguese, Italian, German, Dutch, Arabic, Japanese, Mandarin and English at its new headquarters, 2940 - 16th St. For information, call 552-9899.

Courses in Transition and Health Education Seminars are co-sponsoring a workshop called "Assertive Communication Training for Nurses" on consecutive Tuesday evenings, Aug. 21 and 28, from 6 to 10:30 p.m. at 1078 Hampshire St. Fee for the workshop: \$25. For information and registration, call 282-7999.

Classes in ancient Hawaiian hula and Balinese dance are now forming. Call Racina Ballinger at 648-7032 and ask about her afternoon and evening classes.

Blues Harmonica for the Musical Idiot" is a class offered by local artist David Harp on Tuesday evenings (8 p.m.) this month.

Show up at 1458 Haight St. on Aug. 7, or call Harp at 863-7348 to register for the four-week course, which costs \$20.

Menopause, and other health concerns of middle-aged women, will be the topic of a 4-part workshop to be held this month at the S. F. Women's Health Center, 3789 - 24th St. near Church. The series will take place Tuesdays, from 7 to 9 p.m. Fee: \$16. Call 282-6999 to register.

Earthsign Books will offer workshops in astrology, the i-ching and Esalen massage this month. Drop by the store, 4155 - 24th St., or call 824-3373 for details.

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